THE DISSENTER TRUELY DESCRIBED.

WHat ſhall a Glorious Nation be o'rthrown,
By Troops of Sneaking Raſcals of our own?
Muſt Civil, and Eccleſiaſtick *Laws*,
Once Truckle more under the good *Old Cauſe*?
Shall theſe ungrateful *Varlets* think to Live,
Only to ſlip Royal *Prerogative*?
Shall all our Blood turn Whey, whilſt we do ſee
Men both Affront, and Stab the Monarchy?
I'm all inflam'd with a *Poetick* Rage,
And will Chaſtiſe the Follies of the Age.
Thoughts crowd ſo faſt upon me, I muſt Write
Till I've diſplay'd the Gaudy Hypocrite.
He's one that ſcarcely can be call'd a Man,
And yet's a Pious, Holy Chriſtian.
He's big with Saving Faith (he ſays,) yet He
Has not one ſpark of common Charity.
'Gainſt Reaſon he perpetually Whines.
Becauſe it Contradicts his Black Deſigns.
He diſeſteems dull Morals; For a Saint
My well beloved Brethren muſt not want.
Soul-warming Thoughts; ſo warm that they did dwell,
Firſt in the Womb, than at the Breaſts of Hell.
He Flouts the *Common Prayers*, yet the poor Fool,
Himſelf, not Them, does turn to Ridicule.
He hates a Form, yet loves his dear Non-ſenſe;
Nauſeates his God with his *Impertinence*.
With Eyes turn'd up, Mouth Screw'd, and Monkey-Face,
He Lowdly Bawls to God for Saving Grace.
With Meen ſo Baſe, and Scurvy, as if even
His Apiſh Poſtures only would pleaſe Heaven.
And then his Sniv'ling Tone, to the moſt High,
He does conclude is Curious Melody.
If things ſucceed not as his Humour wou'd,
He ſtrait grows Angry, and he Huffs his God:
And this, (as if God knew not what to do,)
And that wou'd have been for thy Glory too.
Then Muffled in his Cloak, *Roger* begins
In's Sermon, to dawb forth, *Soul-killing Sins*;
Murder, and *Theft*, and *Pride*, and *Gluttony*, &c.
Which in their *Lives* none more *Applauds* then He.
Yet if you do *Survey* the Liſt with care,
You'l quickly find *Rebellion* is hid there.

And

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And when he's preſt to *Duties* for ſome Hours;
He ne'r puts in *Obey the Higher Powers.*
At *Surplice*, and *Lawn-Sleeves*, he *takes Offence*,
Becauſe they are the *Types* of *Innocence*;
For that he hates, and with it men of *Senſe.*
The *Reverend Prelates* he ſtill vilifies,
'Cauſe they detect his *Curſed Villanies.*
Hang them, they *Bark*, come let us pull them down,
For this ſame *Mitre* does *Support* the *Crown.*
They'r the Kings *Trueſt Friends*, yet thought it good,
To drown his *Kingdoms* in a *Sea of Blood.*
They the Kings perſon would protect, they ſaid,
Yes, yes, forſooth by *Cutting off his Head*;
And this they did Inſpir'd by *Zeal* alone,
To faſten *Chriſt* in his *Triumphant Throne.*
As if *Damn'd Lyes*, *Falſe Oaths*, and *Baſe Deceit*,
Propt up his *Throne*, and made him *Truely Great.*
As if the *Devil* himſelf that acted them,
Did bring the *Luſtre* to his *Diadem.*
Nay they go on yet with the ſame *Intents*,
By molding to their Minds *New Parliaments.*
Some of the *Great*, they by their Whimſeys guide,
To like their *Treaſon*, and to ſtem their *Pride.*
In other things, like methods they purſue,
For even the *Sh'riffs*, muſt be *Fanaticks* too.
The *Judges* too, they'd to their *Party* gain,
Did they want either *Honeſty*, or *Brain.*
And when their *Wheedling Tricks* do fail on theſe,
They poiſon ſoon ſome *Country Juſtices.*
Then had they once the dear *Militia*,
They'd mount the *Saddle*, and make *Charles* obey:
Thus firſt they'd make Him but a very *Straw*,
And then at *Liſt Controll*, and give him *Law.*
In fine, they are the *Foes* of *Royal State*,
Order is the great *Object* of their *Hate.*
Nor *God*, nor *Men*, theſe *Furies* ſeek to *Pleaſe*,
They'd *Bruiſe* the *Crown*, and *Tear* our *Surplices.*
They'd *Undermine* the *Churches Harmony*,
And Ride a full *Carier to Popery.*
They all *Mankind*, except Themſelves *Deſpiſe*,
Chiefly the *Great*, for being *Good* and *Wiſe.*
Some *Subtile* have, and ſome have *Giddy Souls*,
Some *Fools*, ſome *Knaves*, and ſome are *Knaves* and *Fools.*
Theſe *Vermine* would even the beſt things *Command*,
And *Suck* up all the *Sweetneſs* of the *Land.*

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